Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL

During the Secret Invasion, Deadpool was hired by Nick Fury to steal vital Skrull biodata. But Norman Osborn intercepted the transmission of the data and used it to take down the Skrull Queen—which made him famous, and Deadpool one ticked off (and unpaid) merc.

Deadpool then hired the reformed villain, Taskmaster, to help him take on Norman's covert strike force, the Thunderbolts, and squeeze the cash out of Osborn. Not only did Deadool and Taskmaster defeat the Thunderbolts, but by the end of the battle, Deadpool managed to steal Osborn's gold card...and finally got paid! Well... at least enough to cover the money he owed Taskmaster. But Wade's expecting a payday all his own and he's not finished with Norman...not by a long shot...

Unfortunately Osborn feels the same way about Deadpool and he's just sent the unstoppable assassin Bullseye (now masquerading as the Avenger known as Hawkeye) to take Deadpool out once and for all. In the ensuing battle, blows were exchanged, cleavers were chopped, and buzz saws were slashed. But, in the end, Deadpool claimed victory by introducing Bullseye to the business end of a meat hook...

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EXCUSE ME?!
WHY, DID YOU JUST FART? I JUST ASSUMED YOU ALWAYS SMELL THAT WAY.
YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL GO DIRECTLY TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE RIGHT N--!
LADY, DO I LOOK LIKE A WAITER TO YOU? I DON'T TAKE ORDERS...
...AND NEITHER DOES HE.
YEAH!
&#*@ YOU, MRS. BOLTON.
BLAM!
I HATE YOU.
NICE SHOT! SMALL CALIBER, RIGHT IN THE HEART.
SLUG STAYS IN THE BODY, ALMOST NO MESS TO CLEAN UP.
I'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE THIS ONE, EASY.
YOU'RE THE NEW KID, RIGHT?
UH-HUH.
YES.
WANNA BARRICADE ALL THE DOORS AND BURN THIS PLACE DOWN AROUND THEIR EARS?

UNNH...
WHAT THE HELL...?!
CONGRATULATIONS.
YOU'RE *ALIVE*.
IF THAT MEAT HOOK HAD PIERCED YOUR ABDOMEN JUST A *HALF-INCH TO THE LEFT*, YOU NEVER WOULD'VE MADE IT.
YOU WERE *LUCKY*.
THAT'S *ONE* WAY TO DESCRIBE HIM...
YOU COULD ALSE SAY, "*INEFFECTIVE*."
OR, "*INCOMPETENT*."
OR... "*AMATEURISH*."

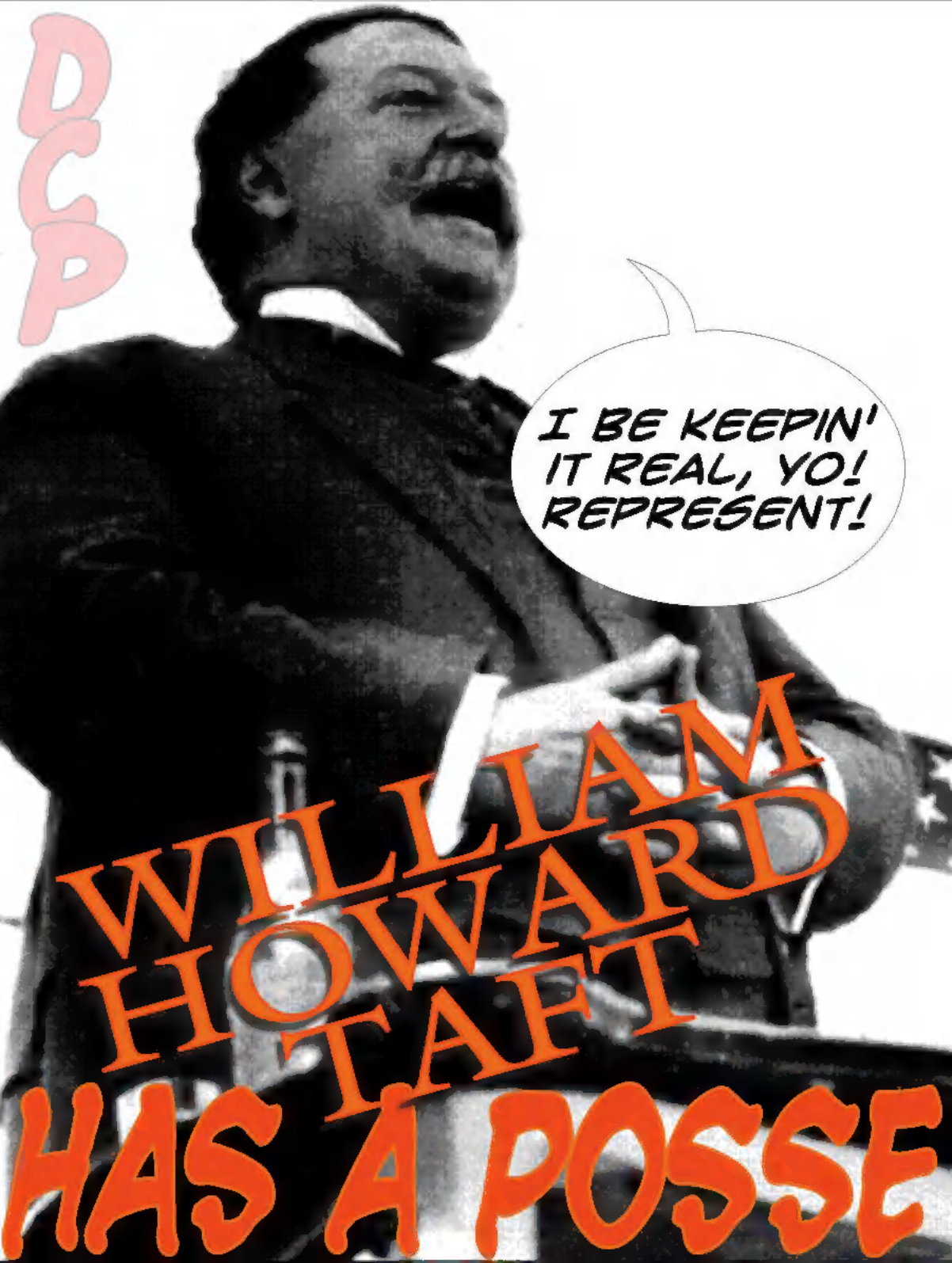
MA'AM, PLEASE GO WITH THESE GENTLEMEN TO BE DE-BRIEFED.
THIS IS A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
DEBRIEFED OR DETAINED, MA'AM. YOUR CHOICE.
BUT... I HAVE OTHER--!
SO.
MEAT HOOK TO THE CHEST, HUH? THAT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU EXPERIENCE EVERY DAY...
WHY-- UNGH!
WHY'D YOU BRING ME TO A CIVILIAN HOSPITAL?
I DIDN'T.
HE DID.
dp.
MOTHER--!

"SO THE BEST THING FOR ME TO DO...IS NOTHING. IT'LL DRIVE HIM UP THE WALL."
THIS IS DRIVING ME UP THE WALL! WHAT'S TAKING HIM SO LONG?!
WELL, SINCE I'M WAITING, I GUESS I COULD GO GET SOME DELICIOUS TACOS...
"DEADPOOL HAS THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A GNAT."
...OH.
TACOS el güero
"EVENTUALLY, IF I DON'T COME TO HIM..."
COME OOONN...
C'MON- C'MON-C'MON- C'MON-C'MON- C'MON-C'MON- C'MON-
YOU KNOW WHAT? S@#$ TACOS.
TACOS el güero
AND WAITING.
PLAP!
WAIT WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY? S@#$ TACOS? SURE, YOU'RE FRUSTRATED, BUT...STEP BACK FROM THE EDGE, MAN!
DAMN YOU, BULLSEYE...DAMN YOU FOR MAKING ME HURT THE ONES I LOVE.
THIS TIME, IT'S PERSONAL. THIS TIME...
...IT'S FOR THE TACOS.

"...HE'LL COME TO ME."
Truck Foot
VARR-RRRROXXXXMMMMMMM!
"AND YOU'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM."
"OH, YEAH."

OHMY GOD...
OHMY GODOHMY GODOHMY GOD...
WHAT...
...THE HELL?!
I'M SO SORRY, I--I DIDN'T SEE YOU!
I--I WAS TO BUSY LOOKING AT THAT BIG TR--!
--UGG--!
--GK!
KRUNCH!

HE WANTS TO PAY YOU OFF.
"HE"...? YOU MEAN, NORMAN OSBORN? WANTS TO... PAY ME OFF?!
I'VE BEEN GETTIN' PAID FOR HIGH-END JOBS SINCE... *FOREVER*. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ME *SPEND* ANY OF IT? HELL, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF I HAVE MORE MONEY THAN *YOU*, AT THIS POINT.
YEAH. *NORMAN OSBORN.*


DCP
I BE KEEPIN' IT REAL, YO! REPRESENT!
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
HAS A POSSE